

# The Frankfort Roundabout.

GEORGE A. LEWIS, Publisher.

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## Letter From Florida.

ORLANDO, FLA. Feb. 8, 1887.

Dear Roundabout:  
In my first letter I said "if you thought my letter or letters worth publishing, and the spirit moved me, I might write up Florida as I viewed it." You have not said yet whether you thought them worth publishing or not, but I find frequent notices of them in other papers, besides private letters from friends in Kentucky and elsewhere, as far as Texas. But whether you like them or not you publish them all the same; and, as they seem to please my friends, I will still write them as long as I stay, or as long as I can find anything to write about without a repetition.

When one is stationed at one place things become monotonous. I find things are now becoming somewhat homelike, in many respects, especially so far as business is concerned. But I am determined to have my regular hours for recreation. I am here for my health and do not intend to let business get control of me as it had at home. We eat breakfast at 8 o'clock, and do not want to eat earlier, for the reason that the eggs are so heavy, before this time, it is disagreeable to go out. We would become perfectly saturated with the fog if we did. The people here do not like for one to talk or write about this, but nevertheless it is a fact. Although the sky may be perfectly clear, in the morning the fog is so thick you can almost cut it with a knife. I never saw it half so thick in Frankfort. It is so heavy the lands can do without rain for a longer period than lands where fog is not, as the leaves of the trees and other vegetation gather the dew, which runs down the body and goes in the ground to their roots.

The forenoon I spend in filling orders, delivering, sending out invoices, writing letters, reading the papers from home, and the daily paper here.

I find, to sleep sound, I must have outdoor exercise; so every evening, after the heat of the day is over, I have a walk for miles, with a Kentucky friend and my little girl. We strike for the country and return about dark, in time for supper.

The boarders at our house are mostly from Kentucky—Harrodsburg, Lexington, Carlisle, Louisville, and other points. I meet Kentuckians, daily, from all over the State.

My health is improving daily. I go out in the grove and eat oranges before each meal, and then between times, every day. There have been no oranges gathered from the grove belonging to the hotel, and, although there are hundreds eaten every day, they are not missed. Some of the trees, I would say at a guess, have three thousand on them. This is an old grove, being about twenty years old. The young trees have but few oranges on them, compared to the old ones. I see, from the papers, the orange market is overstocked, although last winter a large portion of the orange trees were killed by the cold weather. What will the result be when the young trees get to bearing? There are thousands of young trees not bearing, to one old tree bearing. You cannot buy oranges here much cheaper than in Frankfort, by retail.

Orlando is certainly on the boom, more so at this time than most any place in Florida. The hotels are generally full here, while elsewhere I learn they are not. Last year and this, they put up, and are still putting up, large blocks of brick business houses, three stories high. There is a large four story brick hotel going up, with fine large business rooms underneath. I asked one man, a dry goods merchant, what rent he paid for his store-room? He replied twenty-two hundred dollars per annum. There are twenty-five or thirty of these brick business houses. The bricks are made mostly in Georgia and Northern Florida, and shipped here in cars, and cost eighteen or twenty dollars per thousand laid in the walls. There is no solid foundation here, they go down only twelve or fifteen inches, the lower they go the softer it gets. The Bible says a house built in the sand will not stand; these may be an exception, but it seems to me the immense weight of the walls will naturally make them give way.

Orlando has an Opera House (frame), also a large brick market-house, three stories high, one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet long, with everything that is eaten for sale. There are now peas, beans, and cabbage, all new grown, in the

market. The second story of the market-house contains offices, all of which are rented out to lawyers, real estate agents, and doctors. In the third story is a large hall. On the top is an observatory, to which one can go and see for miles around. There are young peaches on the trees, near our hotel, as large as peas. The cold they have here does not affect fruit like it does north. The cold I wrote about, in my last, would have killed all vegetables in Kentucky. Here, roses in the garden, peach trees in bloom, and other things not hurt.

There is a flower garden, near our house, where flowers have bloomed all winter in the open garden. The weather, for the past week or ten days, after the morning fogs pass away, has been glorious. Thermometer ranges, daily, from 80 to 85. There is a constant breeze. I find I am getting very much tanned; and, by the way, I do not care for it, for in it there is health. I do not hunt the shady side of the street. The sun is hot, but I take it. My nose looks like an old toper's.

I intended to say they have been trying to grow the pine apple and banana here, but find it to be a failure. I think they have about given it up. There are not enough vegetables grown around this place to supply the town, cabbage, and all other vegetables, are brought from other points here and sold. The people here live on speculation. That will not last always, and they will have to "get down to hard pan," and as well do it first as last—it has to come. They are rejoicing here over the recent cold spell in California. They say Florida will get the run next winter.

I see from yours and other papers, the people of Frankfort are taking up and making a move towards another railroad. I am glad to see this. We need not expect to lie still and gather in trade. Competition is growing and becoming strong in all trades and businesses. Towns are working against towns, individuals against individuals, and the one or the other that lies still, roads and trade will go around them. I have been convinced for some time, and have spoken of it frequently, that, unless Frankfort did something she would be left—not only left, but left out in the cold. Georgetown, Midway, Versailles, Lawrenceburg, Hardinsville, just think of it. Without an effort, we will soon be surrounded and trade we have always had will be taken away from us, never to be gotten back. A few dollars just now amounts to nothing, compared to all future trade. We should wake up. Yours truly,

JOHN E. MILES.

[We supposed our friend Miles would see, by our publishing his letters, that we appreciated them. We also sent him messages to that effect, which doubtless miscarried. We wish to say here and now, that we have not a single correspondent whose letters we value more highly, and that are of more real and enjoyable interest to our readers.—EDITOR ROUNDABOUT.]

We are permitted, through the courtesy of Col. E. C. Went, to copy the following letter from our old friend, Dr. J. G. Hatchitt, who, it seems, has left New Mexico, and gone to Kansas to reside:

WALNUT WOODS, QUENEMO, KAN., February 14, 1887.

Mr. Went:  
DEAR SIR:—Your postal received asking what I am doing here. Well! I came here to see a Kansas boom. The bottom fell out of Socorro, San Marcial, Deming and all New Mexico towns as soon as I touched them. So I concluded to see if the bottom would drop out of Kansas if I came here. I traveled over this State a good deal. Most of it was booming so fast I was afraid to try it. Wichita, Ft. Scott, Topeka, Emporia, Salina, and others seem wild, crazy to a slow-going man from Frankfort. So I thought I would stop here and grow up with the boom, if ever one came. I have 120 acres in this beautiful valley (1 mile south of Quenemo), of the Marias Des Cygnes (Mare de Zuene) river, noted for being the most productive in this wonderful State. Four railroads have suddenly crossed here, and more will probably be here this summer. An abundance of coal all along the river banks in this vicinity, and will bore for gas as soon as the winter is over. Coal on our place and a beautiful marble.

Our house is in walnut woods (a rare thing in Kansas), a splendid young orchard, and the land is said to yield 80 bushels of corn per acre, good seasons. We are in full view of the village of about 1,000 people. I want to get the woods in blue grass and sell out for three times its cost and pay you a visit. Yours, &c., J. G. HATCHITT.

P. S. I got some specimens of ore for you, but I could not get a history of them that was satisfactory.

## A Voice for the Railroad.

BALD KNOB, Feby. 10, 1887.

Ed. Roundabout:  
We, of the Bald Knob precinct, would be very ungrateful if we did not exhibit a willingness to aid the people of Franklin county generally in getting the proposed railroad to Georgetown built. I, for one, feel deeply interested in the enterprise and am ready to put my shoulder to the wheel.

When our precinct and those that border it were floundering in the mud, the people of Frankfort, and other portions of the county, were taxed to build us turnpikes. These roads are becoming a regular network of travel and commerce, and have added immensely to the comfort of our people and the value of our lands.

With Robinson's Devil Hollow pike, Leslie Collins' Benson Valley pike, Dave Moore's St. John pike, F. Conway's Flat Creek pike, and Bud Macy's Stoney Creek pike, we are now ready to use these roads to haul our tobacco, corn, and country produce to the Frankfort depot, just as quick as a competition of railroads will give us rates that are "worth living for." We want not only a market in Frankfort but a market in Louisville and Cincinnati.

Our turnpikes have cost a deal of money, nine-tenths of which has been supplied by taxing other parts of the county, and we are not now so selfish as to set back unconcernedly when the county asks our aid to secure a railroad that will cheapen rates, give us two markets, or three, instead of one, and will add to the prosperity of the people. Count us in for our share of help. Push the enterprise! Keep the ball in motion, and when you need us, I am much mistaken if old Bald Knob, the Gibraltar district, don't come booming in support of such measures as may be deemed wise and necessary. Those who have been counting on Bald Knob hugging her turnpikes and giving the cold shoulder to roads for other parts of the county will get left. You hear me! M.

Uncle Newton Craig has mandated the Auditor to compel him to issue a warrant in his favor for \$10,000, the amount awarded him by the commission appointed by the Legislature to settle the account between Craig and the State.

## Living Witnesses.

Rev. Joseph Langston is a well known minister and member of the South Georgia Conference of the M. E. Church South, stationed at Brownwood, Ga., on the Southwestern railroad, and is esteemed by all who know him. He says:

Gentlemen—I very cheerfully and gratefully certify to the efficacy of Swift's Specific in curing me of a severe case of dyspepsia, which had harassed me for about two years. I had it so bad I could not sleep. Night after night I lay awake, unable to get an hour's sleep. My friends who had known me before I had the dyspepsia hardly recognized the same man in me when the disease held me in its tightest grip. I may truthfully say that I had dyspepsia about as bad as a man could have it, not to die. It was so severe that I felt, as I suppose other dyspeptics do, as if I had several different fatal diseases, ranging from heart disease to consumption. Indeed, one physician stood me out that one of my lungs was affected.

After several months of taking S. S. S. I was cured, and am entirely well to-day, not having lost a single day this year in my pastoral duties. This was last year. I keep S. S. S. as a household medicine, and there are few ailments which, by purifying the blood, are not benefited, and many cured by the use of Swift's Specific.

JOSEPH O. LANGSTON.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga. 157 W. 23d St., N. Y.

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A Large Stock of SHIRTS, both Laundered and Unlaundered.

A beautiful laundered shirt, \$1.00. Unlaundered shirts from 50c to \$1.00.

50 Dozen Linen HANDKERCHIEFS to select from, beautiful colored borders, at 15c, 25c and 33 1-3c each.

To reduce our stock of HATS we have marked it down to much less than usual prices.

Our TAILORING DEPARTMENT is full, and Thos. Humphries is ready to take your measure.

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Shortest and Quickest route from

CENTRAL KENTUCKY

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NORTH, EAST, WEST, AND SOUTHWEST.

FAST LINE BETWEEN

LEXINGTON AND CINCINNATI.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOV. 21, 1886.

South Bound.	No. 6, Ex. Sun.	No. 4, Daily.	No. 12, Ex. Sun.
Lve Covington	8 30 a m	8 25 p m	2 00 p m
" Falmouth	10 05 a m	9 35 p m	3 30 p m
" Cincinnati	11 04 a m	10 24 p m	4 39 p m
Arr Paris	11 40 a m	10 50 p m	5 15 p m
" Lexington	12 30 p m	11 30 p m	6 10 p m
Lve Paris	11 50 a m	10 55 p m	5 30 p m
Arr Winchester	12 35 p m	11 25 p m	5 05 p m
" Richmond	2 00 p m	7 15 a m	7 15 p m
" Lancaster	5 07 p m	.....	.....
" Stanford	6 06 p m	.....	.....
Lve Richmond	2 00 p m	.....	.....
Arr Berea	3 20 p m	.....	.....
" Livingston	5 45 p m	.....	.....

North Bound.	No. 3, Daily.	No. 11, Ex. Sun.	No. 1, Ex. Sun.
Lve Livingston	8 00 a m	.....	.....
" Berea	10 25 a m	.....	.....
Arr Richmond	11 45 a m	.....	.....
Lve Stanford	11 20 a m	.....	.....
" Lancaster	8 11 a m	.....	.....
Arr Richmond	11 00 a m	.....	.....
Lve Richmond	1 30 p m	6 05 a m	.....
Arr Winchester	2 45 p m	7 15 a m	.....
" Paris	3 20 p m	8 00 a m	.....
Lve Lexington	2 45 p m	7 25 a m	2 45 p m
" Falmouth	3 30 p m	8 25 a m	3 40 p m
" Cincinnati	3 50 p m	8 59 a m	4 17 p m
" Falmouth	4 47 p m	10 03 a m	5 15 p m
Arr Covington	6 00 p m	11 35 a m	6 45 p m

## MAYSVILLE BRANCH.

North Bound.	No. 51, Daily.	No. 53, Ex. Sun.
Lve Covington	.....	2 00 p m
Lve Lexington	7 25 a m	4 25 p m
Lve Paris	8 15 a m	5 00 p m
Arr Millersburg	8 42 a m	5 48 p m
Arr Carlisle	9 05 a m	6 12 p m
Arr Johnson	9 57 a m	7 06 p m
Arr Maysville	10 35 a m	7 45 p m
South Bound.	No. 52, Daily.	No. 54, Ex. Sun.
Lve Maysville	3 55 a m	12 50 p m
Lve Johnson	6 33 a m	1 20 p m
Lve Carlisle	7 25 a m	2 23 p m
Lve Millersburg	7 47 a m	2 46 p m
Arr Lexington	8 15 a m	3 15 p m
Arr Covington	9 30 a m	6 10 p m

No. 45, leave Lexington 8.00 p. m., arrive Paris 8.47 p. m.

NOTE.—Trains 3 and 4 are daily between Winchester, Lexington and Cincinnati; other trains are daily except Sunday.

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H. E. HUNTINGTON, Receiver, General Offices, Covington, Ky.

I. O. O. F.

CAPITAL LODGE, NO. 6, MEETS EVERY MON day night. Visiting brothers cordially invited

J. R. WILLIAMS, Sec. A. CHILSON, N. G.

April 17-18.

## NOTICE!

THE PUBLIC IS HEREBY NOTIFIED THAT, have bought from Mrs. Addie Garrett, administratrix of E. Whitesides, deceased, his entire interest in the

Furniture and Undertaking BUSINESS.

And have sold one-half interest in my business to

W. S. DEHONEY.

And hereafter the style of the firm will be

STATEN & DEHONEY

And the business will be continued at the old stand of Whitesides & Staten, No. 218 St. Clair street, May 8-11

JAS. T. STATEN.

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W. C. WICKHAM, H. W. FULLER,

2d Vice President. Gen. Pass. Agt

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